

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1887.

NO. 205.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—County Court Monday, 28th.
—Uncle Willis Adams, of Garrard, was here Wednesday.
—Ora Myers is very sick at his father's at Pleasant Valley.
—N. A. Price, of this county, was granted a pension last week.
—Many dogs and cats are dying around town from poison; a good riddance.
—Last week's Richmond Herald came to hand with Dec. 29, 1886 at its head.
—Some miscreant cut the main driving belt at the Factory a few nights ago.
—Miss Georgia Brown went to Lexington Saturday to attend Hamilton College.
—James Duke, the "Wild Irishman" of Hazel Patch, was here Saturday and Sunday.
—Our postoffice accommodations are now as good as could be desired, thanks to the worthy postmaster, Mrs. M. E. Brown.
—On and after March 1st, Mt. Guthrie station will be known as Mareburg, the present name of the postoffice at that place.
—M. Barrett has succeeded J. A. Smith as supervisor on the south end of the Knoxville Division, Mr. Smith being promoted to the 1st division of the main stem.
—Will the monkeys that are laboring in the hemp fields of Madison and Shelby counties join the Knights of Labor, or will they have a separate organization called the Tailed Knights?
—Six men were brought to town Friday from Conway by Bruce Wilcox, constable, charged with trespass in cutting timber on Henry Masley's place. They were discharged Saturday on account of no witnesses appearing against them.
—Friday evening when the north-bound passenger train reached Pine Hill trestle six negroes were seen by the engineer about the middle of the structure running at the top of their speed. All but one made their escape; he could not keep up with his companions; just before the engine reached him he stepped to one side and swung off by his hands on the end of the tie, dangling 40 feet in the air. After the engine passed him, the train was backed up, when the engineer stepped off and lifted him from his perilous position.
—To my CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS.—I return my hearty thanks for their liberal patronage and would say I will give them as good, if not better bargains, in the future than I have in the past. Come and see me. To the few who have not yet called for 1886 come and let us talk the matter over. I will go to the city March 1st for a large, new stock and to get bargains there for you and myself requires the cash. Don't be backward and go somewhere else because you owe me, but come in and we will meet you in the right spirit and do all we can by you and ask you to do the same by us. F. L. Thompson.
—Mr. Smith Irwin, the assistant master of trains at Rowland, is certainly the right man for the position he fills. He is more than popular all along the line. In his business connections with the people along the road he always takes special pains to do justice to all, and from the many words of commendation we hear of him we are satisfied he generally succeeds. He is exceedingly popular with the employees, for many reasons. He conducts none without a fair hearing, though he can be as stern as any judge when the necessity arises. We have yet to hear the first word spoken by anyone disparagingly of him.
—Saturday we looked around town to ascertain the feelings of our citizens on the gubernatorial candidacy and find that the prospects for Mr. Harris residing in the instructions of the county are not flattering by any means. Many seem to think that Madison county has more than her share of office-holders already, and that when it was in her power and her duty to give Rockcastle something when the distribution of offices was going on in the way of deputy collectorship, general storekeeper, etc., she turned a deaf ear, and to day the storekeepers and gaugers here are mostly from other counties, while we have good men here who are capable and willing to do the work. When this county had a candidate for State Senate, what did Madison do? Let the republicans carry her election. Yet when John D. Harris ran he had no trouble to carry it. If the "Madison boys are coming" they had best not delay too long or Backner stock will be so high they will be unable to purchase the county for the trifling sum boastfully mentioned by a Madison man on a certain occasion when in a crowd speaking on the subject of controlling our convention with money.
Gentlemen—I am sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for you this morning, but charity, you know always begins at home. Uncle Rastus—All right, Mister Smith—will right, wah. I'll call round at your house 'bout seven o'clock, sah.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

NEW ORLEANS—82 BOURBON ST., Feb 12
DEAR INTERIOR:—Remembering that this noble city, "Queen of the South," beyond a doubt, so far from lying so many feet "above the level of the sea," lies so many feet below the level of the mighty Mississippi, and is dependent on stout levees for her very existence, it is not to be wondered at that the draining question should be a perplexing one. This must always be taken into account when attacking the open sewerage of the metropolis, which is her most available point. As the first thing that strikes a traveler unpleasantly, it is generally belabored unmercifully without due consideration. And, indeed, the filthy ditches on either side of all the streets are loathsome in the extreme; and the thought that rises unbidden on first seeing them with the eyes and smelling them with the olfactory is this: "What dirty wretches these New Orleans people must be, to abide, in contentment, with all this going on under their very noses!" And I am forced to say that there is still something in this view of the subject, though not as much as lies on the surface. In the first place, I know one can easily "get used to it," for I have been here less than a week and already feel myself, to my utter self contempt, slipping, by a process that I can't analyze, into that state of slimy indifference to the whole subject, that one soon acquires who does not resist the unclean propensity in a very steadfast fashion. So, hardened am I already that I find myself walking alongside of miles of it per day, without particular loathing, or special remark. We have ceased to hold our noses at intervals. We no longer exclaim, "Mercy, how horrible!" As we did in the callow days of first arrival. Of things we saw in one cozy bayou, which had not been lately disturbed, I thought of giving a list, but it would not be for edification. Only it is wonderful what a conglomeration can be swept off a pavement, and float languidly down these open drains, when it pleases the "powers that be" to flush them with the yellow water of the great river and stir the normal stagnation into a feeble motion.
With a distinct fellow feeling, then, for the people who, living here, have "got used to it," as I already, to my shame, seem also to be doing; and making all allowances for the "low plane" on which these frequently submerged and always endangered inhabitants of New Orleans have managed to survive for so many generations, I yet can not see why, when the occasional flush will remove the accumulations of filth that clog the gutters, the mighty instrumentality of the Father of Waters is not more frequently invoked; and a perpetual stream of refreshment is not kept running, as in Salt Lake City and Denver, that would make the streets a source of pride, instead of shame, as at present. Surely a proud city like this could well afford one more steam pump at the water-works, to be kept going night and day for this purpose, "if only to wipe off this reproach of past generations. I suggest this tax payers, and I don't need to be an engineer, nor to consult one, before passing an opinion. "What is done occasionally, and of water there is no lack. The Mississippi is 300 feet deep at N. O., and is longing to do anything it can in the way of scavenger work, before it is forgotten in the great salt sea. One-tenth of the money spent on the Tomfoolery of Mardi Gras would make New Orleans, in this respect, what it really is, anyhow, one of the most attractive cities in the world. And I can speak plausibly about this standing reproach, because it is the only real striature I have now to make upon the beautiful city.
For nearly all my preconceived notions of New Orleans have been completely upset. I had thought to have my moral senses shocked even more than the physical. About open drains, Charles Dudley Warner had informed me, in *Harper's*, in January. For what follows I was utterly unprepared: That I have not seen a drunken man on the streets, nor a lewd woman—recognizable at a glance as such—nor heard a half dozen oaths among all the thousands of poor wretches; a brawl or quarrel; nor noticed any but a rare policeman at long intervals; nor observed reckless driving at crossings; nor any of those unseemly exhibitions of city life that in New York or San Francisco or London are as "common as dirt." This amazed me beyond expression. New Orleans ranks very low in point of morality with the outside world. "Under the surface," I doubt not, it is bad, as all great collections of humanity in this devil's world are bound to be. "The flesh" festers and rots apace, when those governed by it are crowded together, and it can not be bettered, till Jesus comes to right things, I well know. But human nature being what it is, I declare I have never seen, external-ly, so little to shock, as in this great city of a quarter of a million of people. You shall hear music everywhere. "The sound of revelry by night" is ever on the ear, till one drops asleep, lulled by the sweet harmony of string bands, that floats over the house tops from some gay gathering or other. But iniquity nowhere flaunts itself.

And I am told by old residents that a lady may go unattended at night in all the principal streets with perfect safety and freedom from insult.
This was simply amazing to one who came to the city expecting to find a place reeking with unseemly sights and sounds; and sin stalking unrebuked in the thoroughfares. We all, without hesitation, pronounce New Orleans as attractive as any city we have yet visited, North, South, East or West. Like the San Franciscans, the folks who live here declare they never want to live anywhere else. And, to my surprise, they like it even better in summer than winter. Though how they can endure the one item of mosquitoes, apart even from the yellow fever, I can not quite comprehend.
"Can I forget those nights in June, Upon this yellow river?"
It has been nearly 40 years ago, but I remember how they howled around my protecting net in that lovely month, in 1848. I had heard the diminutive but pestiferous insects hum, and, when fretted and foiled occasionally utter a sharper note of disapproval. But the squeal of a New Orleans mosquito, robbed of his prey, once heard, can never be forgotten. The individual equal, when multiplied by thousands, rises, indeed, to the dignity of a howl, and the cold sweat starts at the thought of what will happen if there should be a rent in the mosquito bar. We to the careless hand or arm or foot that in the abandon of repose touches the netting! Through its open meshes every bill that can find entrance is put in for collection and the hapless sleeper is bled unmercifully. So, I accept the ecstatic accounts of a New Orleans summer with this delicate grain of reservation. In all else I can readily imagine it perfectly delightful. The orange and magnolia flourish in every yard that makes any pretensions to ornamental growth. The heat is modified by the gentlest breeze and so agreeable is the temperature that one can constantly go clad in garments white and cool and gauzy, to a degree unknown in changeable latitudes. "Yellow Jack" is only dreaded in epidemic years. Otherwise, it is far more manageable than our typhoids in Kentucky. One looking at the open drains and remembering the ravages of that awful scourge in the summer of '78 can hardly think of New Orleans as a healthy city. But statistics are hard to beat; and they show by reliable figures that it is one of the very healthiest cities in the Union. Another astonishment, this, for me, as it may be for some of my readers. And certainly in civil war days, when the doughty general, surrounded by good Southern hater, the "Bunt," was in command, and saw to the cleanliness of the city, with a zeal perhaps inspired, in part, by his own indisposition to leave this world in uncertainty as to how he might fare in the next, it was demonstrated that "Yellow Jack" could be kept out, if only proper precautions were taken. O, that the city fathers would take a leaf out of his book and learn of even an enemy.
The Sunday law has lately gone into operation, and with far less friction than was thought possible, at one time, among a people from earliest generations utterly untransmuted in this direction. Perhaps a brief conversation I heard in a barber shop, as a very polite old Frenchman was cutting my hair, and another was lathering the occupant of the next chair, will throw light upon public opinion in New Orleans on the subject:
"What do you think of the Sunday law?" asked the gent, with his face covered with soap lather of the barber.
"O, I like it first-rate," responded the razor-scraper. "It suits me exactly. I never got any rest at all before we had it. What do you think of it?"
"Well, I don't know. I think the authorities have no right to interfere with personal liberty. I believe it is all right to shut up the keno shops. I don't believe in keno. But poker is not gambling. I don't like interference with personal liberty." The only half dozen oaths I have heard in New Orleans came from this gentleman. I omit them.
The French are excellent barbers. My old man asked: "How will monsieur have me arrange his hair?" "Just as you see it, only a little shorter. Monsieur is an artist. I need not suggest." I wish you could have seen how painstakingly he snipped away, regardless of time or trouble, after this little tribute of politeness. After a long while he drew a sigh of relief and said: "I hope monsieur will be pleased." What could I do but pay him 50 per cent. above his advertised price? It is such a luxury to be treated with deference. We were both flattered, but he got his extra price and I an extra job and we parted mutually pleased.
Our good friend, Mrs. John U. Rochester, has kindly taken the care of arranging for the Sunday meeting off our hands. This dear lady, known to many among us in Kentucky, is now an old resident in New Orleans. How bravely she has fought life's battle against heavy odds, a few well known. Miss and Cousin Mary Brown don't get bright crowns up yonder for a good light, well-fought, without whimpering or asking favors of any, then there will be a different system of rewards adopted than I have heard about. How I honor unflinching courage in woman or man!
"Sister Beattie" is getting along nicely

now. The dear LORD has borne her bravely over all her troubles and she has learned how good He is, as few ever learn the lesson. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES
HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.
—G. W. Ryan, Penitentiary Jenkins and Abner Chenault are all reported sick within the last few days.
—Rev. J. C. Randolph announced on Sunday that he had made arrangements to supply the Presbyterian pulpit every alternate Sabbath.
—Our sportsmen succeeded a few days since, after a long and exciting chase, in capturing a veritable red fox of large dimensions.
—I came across an anecdote of Ned Masterson a short time ago, which, though highly characteristic, has not appeared in print. Ned is the only son of Richard Masterson, formerly well known in this county. His life has been spent thus far in Cincinnati, where he has achieved a fine reputation as a business man and won a host of admiring personal friends. An enthusiastic Mason, he has steadily ascended until he stands, I believe, on the 32nd degree. Attending a late festival of the magnates of the order, I think at Louisville, a party of the Cincinnati delegation paid their respects to the Widows' and Orphan's Home. During their visitation the party were conducted into the chapel, where the Sunday school was in session. After the regular exercises were completed a war of the visiting party suggested to the superintendent that Mr. Masterson, a devotedly zealous Sunday school man, was present, from whom, if his native diffidence could be overcome, they might expect an effective address. The thing was designed as a practical joke on Ned, who has neither experience nor sympathy in the ways of pious instruction, and who is peculiarly repugnant to a prominent place in a mixed assembly. Of course the superintendent called attention to the presence of Mr. M., a distinguished friend of the Sunday-school and the orphan from the sister city of Cincinnati, whom, in the name of the Home, he cordially invited "to favor them with a word of counsel." To the consternation of his own party Ned ascended the rostrum. His address was brief. After a few well-chosen sentiments as to the solemnity of the surroundings and the overwhelming suggestiveness of the scene, he proceeded: "But boys, my mission to day is especially to you. As I view this array of bright, expectant faces, as I catch the sparkle of each soul-illumined eye, as I note your earnest aspirations for the real and the tangible, forgive me if I drop a tear to the memory of the time (long entombed with the buried past) when I too was a hopeful, buoyant boy. I wish to warn you of the rock on which I split. Don't try to carry an old head on young shoulders. The morning of your days is given for enjoyment; mature years may suffice for usefulness. Get as much fun as possible in your boyhood; age will be sure to lay on sufficient burdens. Don't be caught cheating in your play, for punishment will follow; don't seek the reputation of being good boys. There was my fatal mistake. Everybody patted me on the head and called me a good little boy until I was left, as you see, bald as the great American eagle. Your honored superintendent was not a good boy, and now you see his classic, massive head adorned with a glorious suit of luxuriant hair." This was too much and amid a general titter Ned plead "fading memories" and effected a masterly retreat.
RELIGIOUS.
—Sam Jones says he would rather be a noble, generous sinner than a stingy, close-fisted Methodist. Most any of us would.
—In the British Empire there are 489,123 Baptists, who own 4,638 churches. This is an increase of 56,000 members last year.
—Elder W. W. Pike, of London, advertises that he is out of a job, and open to calls. His card has a decided business flavor.
—Elder Brown, a primitive Baptist preacher, of Columbus, Ga., declares that he went to school with Jesus Christ and played marbles with him.
—At the Baptist church Sunday night a little child was received for baptism. Rev. Percy G. Elsom delivered to a large audience in the afternoon a chalk sermon to the children of the different churches on Christ, the Good Shepherd. A number stood for prayer. These meetings will be held regularly in the future.
—Rev. W. C. Barnes, son of the great evangelist, who has been studying theology under Bishop Dudley, is about to establish another Mission in Louisville, modeled after the most successful ones in London and Liverpool. He will use the old Metropolitan Opera House. "Will" is winning golden opinions as an orator and an expounder of the scriptures.
—So far the total packing of hogs in the West is 5,720,000 head against 6,005,000 for the same time last year.
—George M. Balford, of Bourbon county, one of the most widely-known Short-horn breeders in the United States, is dead, aged 76 years.
—At Columbia, Mo., Anderson, Kimbrough & Bass sold 34 jacks and jennets; 13 jacks brought an average of \$515.39; the highest jack, Jesse James, brought \$1,005; 21 jennets brought an average of \$174.05.



Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction.

SITUATION WANTED

By a young lady, who holds a first grade certificate and is competent to teach Music, either as governess or teacher. Address T. M. W. care INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. 107-1mo.

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I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Collars, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Bucking, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Sallie & Warren, next door to the Myers House.

162-2m KATE DUDMAN.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

This is to certify that Mr. Jacob Ottenheimer no longer connected with the Lincoln Land Co., that he is not authorized to contract for the Company, or receive money for the same, or to incur any obligation in the name of the Company, or in any way to act or to sue.

O. L. RICHARD, President Lincoln Land Co.

New York, Dec. 11, 1886.

186.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

I have now

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-1vr I. M. BRUCE.

FIVE COMMANDS!

Thou shalt go to BOURNE'S for all thy Christmas Goods.

Reason: Borne has just received direct from New York City the newest and cheapest lot ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt buy the medicines from Borne. Reason: Borne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of last-remedies.

Thou shalt marry soon, very soon! Reason: The goose bone, marking this a hard winter, and Borne's toilet articles will make thee beautiful above thy fellows. (If thou dost not like to marry, thou art desired to be envied because of thy beauty.)

Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Borne has the materials.

Thou shalt have a baby, a riddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, frames, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.

Borne has them and the finest lot of candles ever brought to Stanford.

Thou shalt keep in mind that Borne is the cleverest man (except Dr. Cox) and the best man to deal with.

"Roses red, violets blue, Borne's is the place for you. —(Shakespear.)

And also a tract of 30 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.

One farm, unimproved, 3 miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Lexington Turnpike of 75 acres.

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—OF THE—

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All persons having debts against the Lincoln Land Company are requested to present them to J. W. Alcorn at his office in Stanford, Ky.

157-4l.

O. L. RICHARD, President.

WM. AYRES, JAS. G. GIVENS, Notary Public.

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Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and prices range from 10 to 25 percent lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments:

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos,

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Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts, Stanford, Ky.

Or ROSE R. RICHARD, post-office.

References:—A. E. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Healey, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrau and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky. 139-1yr

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—STANFORD, KY.—

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State of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions.

we cordially recommend you to visit the new remodeled house at 106-17.

Guaranteed not to issue shares.

MR. only by the

FRANK CHAMBERLAIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky.

229-3v.

J. M. PHILLIPS, Executor.